THE CHARACTER OF A LONDON DIURNALL.

By John Cleaveland.

Printed in the Yeare. 1644.

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A *Diurnall* is a puny Chronicle, ſcarce pinfeathr'd with the wings of time: It is an Hiſtory in *Sippets*; the Engliſh *Iliads* in a Nut-ſhell; the *Apocryphall* Parliaments booke of *Maccabees* in ſingle ſheets. It would tyre a Welsh-pedegree, to reckon how many aps 'tis remov'd from an Annall: for it is of that Extract; only of the yonger Houſe, like a ſhrimp to a Lobſter. The *originall ſinner* in this kind was Dutch, *Galliobelgicus* the *Protoplaſt*; and the *moderne Mercuries* but *Hans-en-Kelders*. The Counteſſe of *Zealand* was brought to Bed of an Almanack; as many Children, as dayes in the yeare. It may be the *Legiſlative Lady* is of that Lynage; ſo ſhee ſpawnes the *Diurnalls*, and they at *Weſtminſter* take them in Adoption, by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontiſpice of the old *Beldame-Diurnall*, like the Contents of the Chapter, ſits the Houſe of Commons, judging the twelve Tribes of *Iſrael*. You may call them, the Kingdomes Anotomy before the weekely Kalender: for ſuch is a *Diurnall*, the day of the moneth, with what weather in the Common-wealth. 'Tis taken for the Pulſe of the Body-Politique; and the Emperick-Divines of the Aſſembly, thoſe ſpirituall *Dragooners*, thumbe it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopſis*; and thoſe grave *Rabbyes* (though in point of Divinity) trade in no larger Authors. The Country-Carryer, when hee

he buyes it for their Vicar, miscalls it the *Vrinall*: yet properly enough; For it casts the water of the State, ever since it staled bloud. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devill and his Exorcist; or as a black Witch doth from a white one, whose office is to unravell her inchantments.

It begins usually with an Ordinance, which is a Law still borne; dropt, before quickned by the Royall assent: 'Tis one of the Parliaments by-blowes, (Acts onely being legitimate) and hath no more Syre, then a Spanish Gennet, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its Patron, *Mars*) is the issue only of the Mother, without the concourse of royall *Jupiter*.

Yet Law it is, if they Uote it, though in defiance to their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his Clock went true, what ever the Sunne said to the contrary.

The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is Plots, horrible plots; which with wonderfull Sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their Causes, before *Materia prima* can put on her Smock. How many such fits of the Mother have troubled the Kingdome, and (for all Sir *Walter Earle* looks like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of so much, as a Cushion? But Actours must have their Properties; And, since the Stages were voted downe, the only Playhouse is at *Westminster*.

Sutable to their Plots are their Informers; *Skippers* and *Taylors*; Spaniells both for the Land and the *Water*: *Good conscionable* Intelligence! For, however *Pym's* Bill may inflame their Reckoning, the honest Vermyn have not so much for Lying, as the *Publique Faith*.

Thus a zealous Botcher in *Morefields*, while he was contriving some *Quirpo-cut* of Church Government, by the help of his outguily Eares & the *Otaconsticon* of the Spirit, discovered such a Plot, that *Selden* intends to combate Antiquity, and maintaine it was a Taylors Goose, that preserved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-Traytor'd for dealing with the Lyons, to settle the Commission of Array in the Tower. It would doe well to cramp the Articles Dormant, besides the opportunity of reforming those Beasts of the

Pre-

Prerogative, and changing their prophaner names of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*.

Suppoſe a Corne-cutter, being to give little *Iſaack* a caſt of his Office, ſhould fall to paring his Browes, miſtaking the one end for the another; becauſe he branches at both. This would be a Plot; and the next *Diurnal* would furniſh you with this Scale of Uotes.

Reſolved upon the Queſtion; that this Act of the Corne cutters was an abſolute Invaſion of the Cities Charter, in the *Repreſentative* Forehead of *Iſaack*. Reſolved, that the evill Councellors about the Corne-cutter are Popiſhly affected, and enemies to the State. Reſolved, that there bee a publike Thankſgiving for the great deliverance of *Iſaack's* Brow-antlers; and a ſolemne Covenant drawne up, to defie the Corne-cutter and all his workes.

Thus the *Quixotes* of this Age fight with the Wind-mills of their owne heads; quell Monſters of their owne Creation, make Plots, and then diſcover them; as who fitter to unkennell the Fox, then the Tarryer, that is a part of him.

In the third place march their Adventures; the *Roundheads* Legend, the Rebells Romance; ſtories of a larger ſize, then the eares of their Sect; able to ſtrangle the Beliefe of a *Soli-fidian*.

I'le preſent them in their oder: and firſt, as a Whiffeler before a ſhow, enter *Stampford*, one that trode the Stage with the firſt, travers'd his ground, made a legge and *Exit*. The Country People took him for one, that by Order of the Houſes was to dance a Morice through the Weſt of *England*. Well, hee's a nimble Gentleman, ſet him but upon *Bankes* horſe in a Saddle Rampant; and it is a great queſtion, which part of the Centaure ſhewes better tricks.

There was a Vote paſſing to tranſlate him, with all his Equipage, into Monumentall-Gingerbread: but it was croſs'd by the Female-Committee, alledging that the valour of his Image would bite their Children by the tongues.

This Cubit and an halfe of Commander, by the helpe of a *Diurnall*, routed his Enemies fifty Miles off: 'tis ſtrange you'le ſay, and yet it is generally beleeved, hee would as ſoone doe it at that diſtance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword, for which the weapon-ſalve was invented; that ſo wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both worke at the ſame removes.

But the Squibbe in run to the end of the Rope. Roome; for the *Prodigy* of *Valour*, *Maddam*, *Atropos*, is breeches *Wallers* Knight-errantry: and, becauſe every *Mountibanke* muſt have his *Zany*, throw him in *Haſlerigge*,

sterigge, to set off his story: these two, like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are always worshipped in the same Chapter: they hunt in their Couples what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heele.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalmes, with another to the same, one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up, as the Saints-Bell.

I wonder, for how many lives my Lord *Hoptons* Soule tooke the Lease of his Body.

First, *Stampford* slew him: then *Waller* out-killd that halfe a Barre: and yet it is thought the sullen Corps would scarce bleede', were both these Man-slayers never so neare it.

The fame goes of a *Dutch* Heads-man, that hee would doe his Office with so much ease and Dexterity, that the Head after Execution should stand still upon the shoulders: pray God Sir *William* be not probationer for the place. For, as if he had the like knock too, most of those, whom the *Diurnall* hath slaine for him, to us poore Mortalls seeme untoucht.

Thus these Artificers of Death can kill the Man, without wounding the Body, like lightning, that melts the sword and never singes the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conquerour*; This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnalls delight*; he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for he stalkes with *Essex*, and shootes under his Belly, because his Oxcellency himselfe is not charged there. Yet in all this Triumph there is a whip and a Bell: Translate but the Scene to *Round-way-downe*: There *Hasterigges* Lobers were turnd into Crabs, and crawl'd backwards; there poore Sir *VVilliam* ranne to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the Arme of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Crumwell*, one that hath beate up his Drumms cleane through the Old Testament: you may learne the Genealogy of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment: The Muster-Master uses no other List, then the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forraigners, when themselves intertaine such an Army of *Hebrewes*? This *Cromwell* is never so valorous, as when he is making Speeches for the Association, which neverthelesse hee doth somewhat ominously, with his Neck awry, holding up his Eare, as if he expected *Mahomets Pidgeon* to come, and promp him: he should be a Bird of Prey too, by his bloody Beake: his Nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether shee be lawfully

begotten

begotten. But all is not Gold that glisters. What wee wonder at in the rest of them, is naturall to him; to kill without Bloodshed: For most of his Trophees are in a Church-Window; when a Looking Glasse would shew him more superstition: He is so perfect a hater of Images, that hee hath defaced God in his owne Countenance: if hee deale with Men, it is when hee takes them napping in an old Monument: Then downe goes dust and ashes. And the stoutest Cavalier is no better. O brave *Oliver*! Times voyder, Sub-sizer to the Wormes; in whom Death, that formerly devoured our Ancestors, now chewes the Cud: Hee sayd Grace one, as if hee would have fallen aboard with the Marquesse of *New-Castle*: Nay, and athe *Diurnall* gave you his Bill of Fare; but it prov'd but a running banquet, as appeares by the Story. Beleeve him as he whistles to his *Cambridge Teeme* of Committy-men; and he doth Wonders. But Holy men (like the *Holy language*) must be read backwards. They rifle Colledges, to promote Learning; and pull downe Churches for Edification. But Sacrilledge is entailed upon him: there must bee a *Cromwell* for Cathedralls, as well as Abbyes: A secure sinner, whose offence carries its Pardon in its Mouth: for how can hee bee hang'd for Church-robbery, which gives it selfe the Benefit of the Clergy.

But for all *Cromwells* Nose weares the Dominicall Letter, yet compared with *Manchester*, he is but like the *Vigils* to an Holy-day. This, this is the man of God; so sanctified a Thunder-bolt, that *Burrowes* in a proportionable blasphemy to his *Lords of Hosts*, would stile him the *Arch-Angel*, giving Battell to the Devill.

Indeede as the Angels, each of them makes a severall, *Species*; so every one of his Souldiers is a distinct Church. Had these Beasts beene to enter the Arke, it would have puzled *Noah* to have sorted them into Paires. If ever there were a Rope of Sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agree in nothing, but that they are all *Adamits* in Understanding; It is the signe of a Coward, to *winke* and *Fight*; yet all their valour proceeds from their *Ignorance*.

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds, it is not by *Traduction*: if he was begotten Saint, it was by Equivocall Generation: for the Devill in the Father, is turn'd Monke in the Sonne; so his godlinesse is of the same Parentage with good Lawes; both extracted out of bad Manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to Corruption, Thou art my *Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding

our

our Mother Vniversity, and (if the Scotchmist further prevaile) will
tinguish this other: He hath the like quarrell to both; because both
strung with the same *Optick Nerve*, *knowing Loyaltie*. Barbarous Reb
who will be reveng'd upon all Learning, because his Treason is beyo
the Mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnall* as yet hath not talk'd much of his Victories; but there
the more behind: For the Knight must alwaies beat the Gyant; Tha
resolv'd. If any thing fall out amisse, which cannot be smothered, t
Diurnall hath a Help at Mawe; It is but putting to Sea, and taking a *D*
nish Fleet; or Brewing it with some successe out of *Ireland*; and it go
downe merrily.

There are more Puppets, that move by the Wyre of a *Diurnall*;
Brereton and *Gell*; two of *Mars* his Pettytoes; such sniveling Cowar
that it is a favour to call them so, was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth
in all other things he resembles the beast, he would have odds of a
man at the weapon; O he's a terrible slaughter man at a Thankes-givi
Dinner, had he been a *Canniball* to have eaten those that he vanquish
his gut would have made him valient.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*; how he comes to be a Babe
Grace? Certainly it is not in his personall, but (as the *State Prob*
distinguish) in his Politique Capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the sea
of the House he sate in, as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Caire*, by the A
doption of an Oven.

There is the *Wood Monger* too, a feeble ctutch to a declining cause;
new Branch of the old *Oake* of *Reformation*.

And now I speake of Reformation, *vous avez Fox*, the Tinker; th
liveliest Embleme of it that may be; For what did this Parliament ev
goe about to reforme, but Tinker-wise; in mending one Hole they mad
three.

But I have not Inke enough to cure all the Tetters and Ring-worme
of the State.

I will close up all thus. The Victories of the Rebells are like the Ma
gicall combate of *Apuleius*; who thinking he had slain three of his Ene
mies found them at last, but a Triumvirate, of Bladders. Such, and so emp
ty, are the Triumphs of a *Diurnall*: but so many impostumated Fancies
so many Bladders of their own Blowing.

FINIS.